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ONE DOES THE WORK AND THE OTHER SHARES THE PROFIT.

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VAN NORDEN TRUST COMPANY

751 FIFTH AVENUE, NEAR 58TH STREET
NEW YORK

Capital and Surplus, \$2,000,000

No. 18

The temporary offices of Van Norden Trust Company were opened for business March 31, 1902.

The following statement accordingly represents nine months' growth:

STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31, 1902

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
U. S. and N. Y. City Bonds	\$1,007,718.14	Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Other Investments	288,056.54	Surplus	1,000,000.00
Time Loans	1,718,158.99	Undivided Profits	60,928.82
Demand Loans	2,107,986.66	Deposits	4,808,168.08
Cash in Banks	1,246,035.67		
Gold in Vault	442,145.90		
Legal Tenders in Vault	105,000.00		
	\$6,864,096.90		\$6,864,096.90

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**Life Insurance
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**Accident Insurance
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Oldest, Largest,
and Strongest
Accident Company
in the World.**

How Pennies Count.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

About four cents a day, what you spend for newspapers, will procure you, if a preferred risk, an accident policy paying \$3,000 for accidental death or loss of both eyes or limbs; and proportionate amounts for loss of one eye or limb; \$15 a week for total disability; \$6 a week for partial disability; and double the above amounts for injuries received in certain specified accidents, etc., etc.

LIFE INSURANCE.

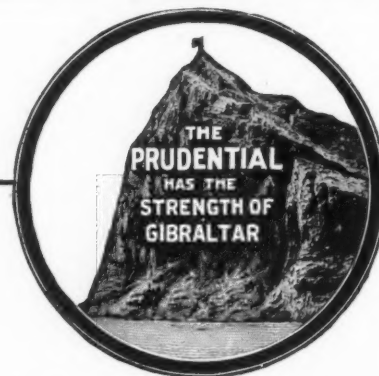
Fifteen and one-half cents a day will purchase a life insurance policy at age thirty-five for \$2,500.

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Who says Insurance costs a good deal?



Your Family

Are they provided for?
Life Insurance in

THE PRUDENTIAL

is the greatest of mediums
for home protection.

Write for information. Dept. O.

**The Prudential Insurance Company
OF AMERICA**

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.

LIFE



IN SÆCULA SÆCULORUM.

Love: I WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO CALL ON YOU THIS CENTURY. I THOUGHT YOU HAD OUTGROWN ME.

Life: NONSENSE! I'M ALWAYS "AT HOME"—TO YOU.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII. JAN. 15, 1903. No. 1055.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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IN the current number of *McClure's Magazine* there is told, and well told, the story of how the city government of Minneapolis was allowed to fall into the hands of criminals, and what the consequences were, and what was finally done about it. A rogues' gallery of portraits of the criminal city officers is given, and very edifying it is. Minneapolis is one of the most flourishing towns in the country. It would resent the suggestion that any other city of its size had a larger proportion of upright and able citizens, a higher average of righteousness among its voters, or was more competent for self-government. Yet a gross, debauched, disgusting scamp got himself elected Mayor of the city for several successive terms, and finally cast off all pretence to decency, and allied himself with thieves, gamblers and disorderly persons for purposes of revenue. A brave man, a fighter, who happened to be chosen on the Grand Jury, undertook to bring this Mayor to justice. Some of his fellow-jurymen helped him; the rest he dragged along. He spent his own money and his own strength. Finally he drove the terrified rascal Mayor into exile, and sent most of his helpers to State's

Prison. What he did was done in the teeth of the protests of many cowardly citizens who, though not aggressively bad themselves, could tolerate shameful rascality in the city officials. That is the story that is told in all misgoverned cities. There is a little band of active scoundrels who get the upper hand in local politics, and a great body of fairly respectable citizens, busy with their own concerns, who only want to be let alone. The indifferent citizen works at his business and makes money; the politician rascal works at his business and also makes money. Matters in Minneapolis came to a worse pass than is usual—though St. Louis has been in nearly as bad a case—and the Minneapolis story is useful in that it sets forth briefly what incredible things may happen to towns when most of the competent men apply themselves to money-making to the absolute neglect of their civic duties.



MARK TWAIN, returning in the January *North American Review* to the discussion of Christian Science, again predicts its expansion on an enormous scale. In less than thirty years, he thinks, it will be "the governing power in the republic," and he predicts that it will be "the most insolent, unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master" since the Inquisition. His anticipations are based not so much on his confidence in the merits of the Christian Science teachings and practice, as on his great respect for what he calls the "Trust," of which the only well-identified representative is Mrs. Eddy, seems to him to be wonderfully competent on its business side. He insists that it has made an enormous amount of money, and has fabulous profits in prospect as Christian Science spreads. He says in a note that he wrote the piece in which these opinions are expressed three years ago, yet he seems still to have confidence in his predictions.

Our Brother Mark has had a nightmare. There is no doubt that Mrs. Eddy has made money. There may be a small, irresponsible but able coterie, of which she has been the head, that

has found Christian Science extremely profitable. But no such spread of the persuasion as Brother Mark foretells seems to be yet in progress. The *World Almanac* guessed last year that the Christian Science churches had a million communicants. This year it has cut its estimate down to forty-nine thousand. That is not conclusive, but it does not look like dangerously rapid growth. Mark seems to underestimate the average good sense and conservatism of his fellow-countrymen.



UNDER the new liquor law now in force in England the police may arrest a drunkard anywhere except in his own house, and whether disorderly or not. After conviction the drunkard is blacklisted in drinking places for three years. If he attempts to get a drink he is liable to a fine, and the saloon-keeper who sells him liquor may be fined fifty dollars the first time and one hundred dollars the next. If this law is enforced, the ingenuity of drunkards may be considerably taxed to get liquor. The principle of pursuing the drunkard as well as the saloon-keeper seems sound, and we shall be interested to learn how it works on application.



THE appointment of General Francis Greene to be Police Commissioner in New York has encouraged the friends of good government here. The Police Department has needed a Hercules ever since Mayor Low took office, and Commissioner Partridge, though a worthy man, was not a Hercules. General Greene, though he has had a painful experience as president of the Asphalt Trust, is believed to be both able and upright. Called now to an exceedingly important post in an emergency, he has a chance to do a public service of immense importance. His time is short and his task difficult, but he has taken hold hard, and what he can do to put and keep the powers of darkness under foot in this town will undoubtedly be done.



The Charge of the Four Hundred.

HALF a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
All in their 'motobiles
Rode the Four Hundred.
"Forward!" the owners shout,
"Racing-car! Runabout!"
Into Fifth Avenue
Rode the Four Hundred.

"Forward!" the owners said.
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the chauffeurs knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to kill or die.

Into Fifth Avenue
Rode the Four Hundred.
Tunnels to right of them,
Tunnels to left of them,
Subways beneath them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shout and yell,
Boldly they rode and well.
Into Fifth Avenue,
While rang the chauffeur's bell,
Rode the Four Hundred.
Flashed all their goggles bare,
Flashed as they cleft the air,
Smashing the people there,
Charging the people, while

All the town wondered.
Plunged in the gasoline smoke,
Right down the street they broke;
Copper and pedestrian
Reel'd from their lightning-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back again,
Rode the Four Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the town wondered.
Proud of the charge they made,
Proud of themselves, they said,
Were the Four Hundred.

J. C. D.

Music.

THE musical honors still cling to Boston. In spite of the prevalence of some terribly light operas hereabouts it is safe to say that all tastes in music can be satisfied in New York. Recitals, concerts, grand opera, light opera—some of it too volatile to mention—are all abundant. But it should be recorded to our credit that we manifest a

lively appreciation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. These audiences are not only the most intelligent musically, but they fill the hall. Both in size and quality they are a merited tribute to Mr. Gericke and his splendid organization.

IF some men told all they knew the silence would be oppressive.

COMMERCE is the evangelist of international peace.

A Test.

HE: Yes, darling, for your sake, I would meet death in any form.
SHE: Will you ride on the Elevated from five to six P. M.?



MOST of us have enjoyed Jack London's short stories of Alaska. It is therefore with some fear of losing a favorite that we approach his first novel. *A Daughter of the Snows*, however, is far from disappointing. It is an interesting story, and is essentially true, both in its material picture of early days in the Klondike and in its moral estimate of the value of the conventions in the face of primal conditions. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

To a lover of fun and nonsense the compiling of *A Nonsense Anthology* would naturally seem a worthy task. There are some things, however, the futility of which can only be proved by experiment, and Carolyn Wells's labors have demonstrated that nonsense is one of those delicate wild plants that will not bear domestication. Crowded in a dense throng, between stifling covers, even our dearest bits from *Alice* herself droop and die. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Which subject brings us to Andrew Lang's new book, *The Disentanglers*. These tales, selected from the records of a company formed in London for solving matrimonial tangles, are delicately poised on the dividing line between foolish fact and sensible nonsense, and give an amusing glimpse of society in the convex mirror of Mr. Lang's humor. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

The historical romance has come to resemble a piece of "Louis XV." furniture from Grand Rapids, a well-veneered, machine-made imitation of what passes for a bygone style. Mollie Elliot Seawell has all the newest machinery. *Franzeska* is her latest output and has the approved swing, the most taking devil-may-care spirit and the innovation of a tragic ending. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

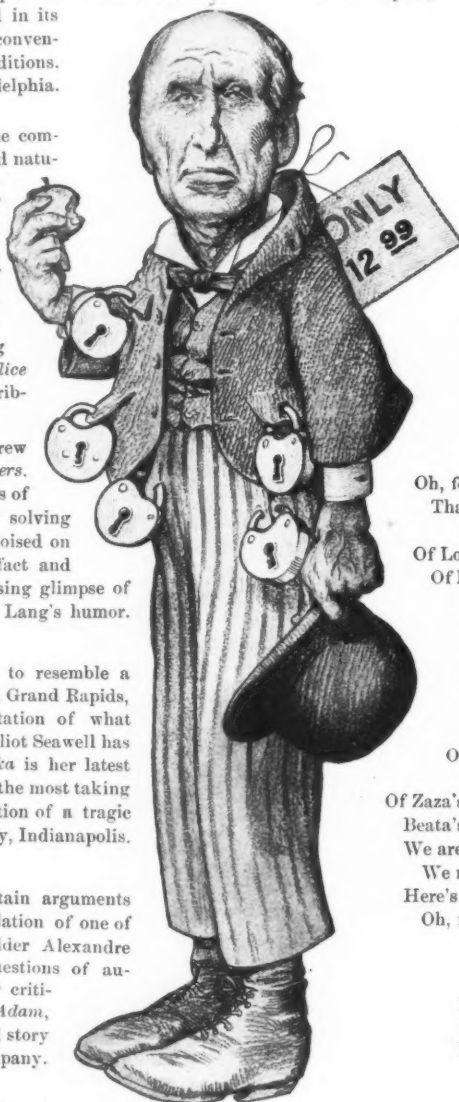
Harry A. Spurr presents, with certain arguments in favor of its genuineness, a translation of one of the many tales fathered by the elder Alexandre Dumas. Leaving these delicate questions of authenticity to specialists in the higher criticism, it suffices to recommend *Master Adam, the Calabrian* to all who enjoy a good story well told. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.00.)

A new publication, which for taste of workmanship and perfection of illustration has not been approached this side of Paris, is *Camera Work*, a quarterly edited by Alfred Stieglitz. It should commend itself

to all devotees of pictorial photography and all lovers of the beautiful. (Camera Work, 162 Leonard Street, New York.)

The Hudson River from Ocean to Source is a handsome volume by Edgar Mayhew Bacon, profusely illustrated. It is one of the cross-bred productions much affected nowadays and, in the language of the turf, is by Historical Romance out of Guide Book, and shows both the flightiness of its sire and the staying qualities of its dam. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



LIFE'S FASHIONS. 1903.

A PRACTICAL BUSINESS SUIT.
WELL ADAPTED TO WITHSTAND
THE WEAR AND TEAR OF WALL
STREET.



DRAWING HIS OWN CONCLUSION.

The First-Nighter.

HIS BALLADE.

O H, for a gleam of vanished light
From prompt books of the long ago.
The stage is sunk in Stygian night,
Its stars, alas, but dimly glow,
In vain the critics' praises flow;
We're done to death by modern plays,
As all theatric bills will show:
Oh, for the Drama's good old days!

Oh, for one moment of the might
That made for wholesome mirth and
woe;
Of Love's young dream, its future bright,
Of lifelong friend, of noble foe;
All those quaint things we used to know
When sin-sick souls were not a
craze
Through five long acts of suffering slow:
Oh, for the Drama's good old days!

Oh, for some respite from the sight
Of these mad myths of Pinero;
Of Zaza's tricks, Du Barry's blight,
Beata's sighs and drops—but no,
We are not spared a last fell blow,
We may not hope for mended ways,
Here's Duse and D'Annunzio:
Oh, for the Drama's good old days!

ENVOI.

Dramatic Muse, descend, for lo!
First-nighters fret with fevered gaze;
Must they forever suffer so?
Oh, for the Drama's good old days!

Mabel Warren Sanford.

THE good man of business never allows his opinion of his partners to escape him.



GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH, IF YOU CAN, BUT DON'T OVERLOOK THE MAN ON THE FENCE.

The Continent.

THE Continent is that part of Europe which is chiefly inhabited by crowned heads, American tourists and musical celebrities. It is quite well known throughout the civilized world through the Continental Sabbath.

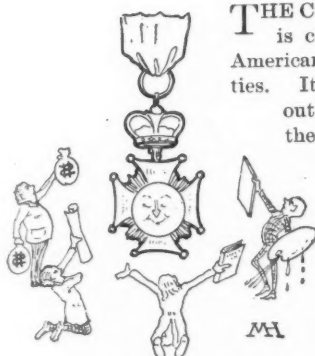
The Continent has a fertile soil. Some of the best French wines we get come from the Continent.

In Germany the bad and the wurst abound. Germany, Austria and Italy

form the Dry Bund, next to the Raines law the most effective temperance device the world has ever known.

No description of the Continent would be complete without mention of the King of the Belgians. His Majesty has identified himself with the Continent in a negative way by not giving a continental damn.

Paris is very gay. It comprises the Other Half, the Latin Quarter and the Submerged Tenth. The remaining three-twentieths are the Bourgeoisie.



THE JUDGE CHARGED THE JURY.

Underwear.

THERE are only three opinions among eminent doctors as to the best material for underwear.

Wool, or linen, or silk is best.

If cotton ever becomes expensive enough to be suitable for refined people such as eminent doctors practice amongst, or on, there will then be four opinions, of course. But nobody supposes cotton will ever become so expensive as that.

THE married man's last word always turns out to be the one before the last.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"WHY ARE YOU IN MOURNING?"
"OH! FOR MY SINS."
"I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU HAD LOST ANY."

JUDGE: Your wife has shown her bruises to the jury. What have you to say that sentence shall not be pronounced upon you?

PRISONER: I can prove that for the last three weeks she has been doing her holiday shopping.

Defined.

SHE: Dear, you have crushed and almost suffocated me. What kind of a hug do you call that?

HE: That's a Metropolitan Street Railway hug.



What Christian Science Is Not.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: So many little articles, anecdotes and poems have recently appeared in LIFE on the subject of Christian Science, that it is now possible to gather from them with some degree of accuracy what Christian Science is *not*. For example, it is not "New Thought," as implied in some supposed "Love Letters," nor does any Christian Scientist consider himself a "Vibration of the Mind Universal," or a "Radiator of Hope," whatever these terms may mean. Christian Science is not "treating" anybody without their desire, nor "doing mentally" anything to anybody against their will. Therefore, it is not hypnotism, nor personal influence, nor *willing* another person.

Searching the files of LIFE for possibly accurate characterizations, we also discover that Christian Science makes no claims to being "psychic," or to giving "spiritualistic insight"; is not especially interested in "asparagus" beds, or "rats and green snakes"; and does not use the press for circulating false reports, or preach sermons denouncing other Christian denominations, or even accuse physicians, who lose patients, of having committed manslaughter.

In point of fact, LIFE credits Christian Scientists with being "happy," with having an "increasing membership roll," and with showing a "long list of the maimed and the halt now alleged to have been made whole."

What LIFE cannot forgive is that Christian Scientists "have not cured death," which is a very proper grievance for LIFE to have. It should be remembered, however, that among the many qualities which Christian Scientists have not is also that of infallibility, and, therefore, they crave from their critics a little of that kindly consideration which seems to be accorded to members of all other denominations except their own.

As a Christian Scientist, I also claim for my fellow-believers that they are not unreasonable. For instance, they do not assume that simply because a faith makes people better and happier, therefore the Founder of that faith must necessarily be evil-minded; they do not accuse the members of all the professions under the sun, of all the arts on earth, and all the occupations between the poles, of being mercenary, because they all, without exception, accept remuneration for their labor; they do not call churches "corporations for profit," because most of them maintain enormous denominational book concerns, nor do Christian Scientists abuse authors roundly for copyrighting their books and selling them to those who want to buy them, at the prices that people are willing to pay for them. Nor, as far as I can recollect, do Christian Scientists attempt to decide for these authors what the prices of their books shall be to people who do not want to buy them.

There are other mistakes which Christian Science teaches people to avoid, but I think those I have mentioned are quite important—in a way.

W. D. McCrackan.

December 20, 1902.

MUSIC arouses emotion; emotion, thought; thought, action; action, regret; regret is soothed by music.

A Suggestion.

IN primitive days, when street railways had antiquated ideas of courtesy, there used to be signs on the street cars which stated in effect that the company would be glad to know of any incivility on the part of their employees.

These signs in New York have long since been taken down, and nothing has taken their place.

This is not in accordance with our modern requirements. Something up to date should be substituted.

LIFE suggests to the Metropolitan Street Railway that the following rules be posted conspicuously in each car:

Conductors should report any incivility on the part of passengers. Ladies will always remain standing when there are gentlemen present. When a passenger fails to attract the attention of the conductor, and rings the bell himself, the conductor should spare no effort to make him see what he has been guilty of. A complete vocabulary of choice and insulting language will be furnished to all conductors on application.

In disciplining passengers, conductors should select ladies unaccompanied by escorts, as they are less likely to make trouble.

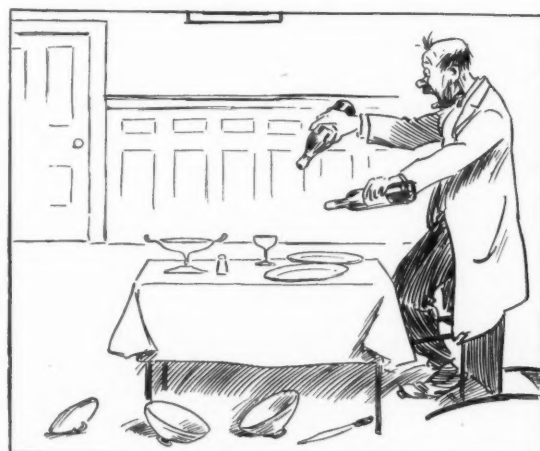
When a motorman, by Divine Providence or other circumstances beyond his control, is compelled to stop his car, he should allow it to slide along into the middle of the block.

A CASE OF PRESENT TREATMENT.



"A BITE TO EAT, MUM; JEST A BITE."





Health.

SOME of our millionaires and aireses are looking tired. They need our system of physical culture. Health and ruddy cheeks will be restored by following these few simple exercises:

BICEPS.

Take two one-pound diamonds, and holding them easily but firmly in the hands, swing them above the head ten times, then back until the hands meet, and then to the floor. Be careful and not use diamonds weighing over one pound. *Too much weight will make tired muscles.*

NECK DEVELOPMENT.

Placing your tiara firmly on your head, bend it forward until you are looking straight at a ten-pound pearl at your feet, then back until you are gazing at a three-pound ruby above your head, and then from one side to the other. Then swing your head slowly from side to side. If your neck aches in one minute, the tiara is too heavy for your strength. A tiara weighing over ten pounds should never be used.

CHEST.

Lying flat on your back, place a six-pound package of Government 4s on your chest, and by inbreathing raise it as far as possible. Do this forty times, and every day double the size and value of the bonds.

CALVES.

Hold two quarts of pigeon's-blood rubies in each hand. Then raise yourself thirty times on your toes night and morning.

At the end of a month increase to three quarts.

Prosperity.

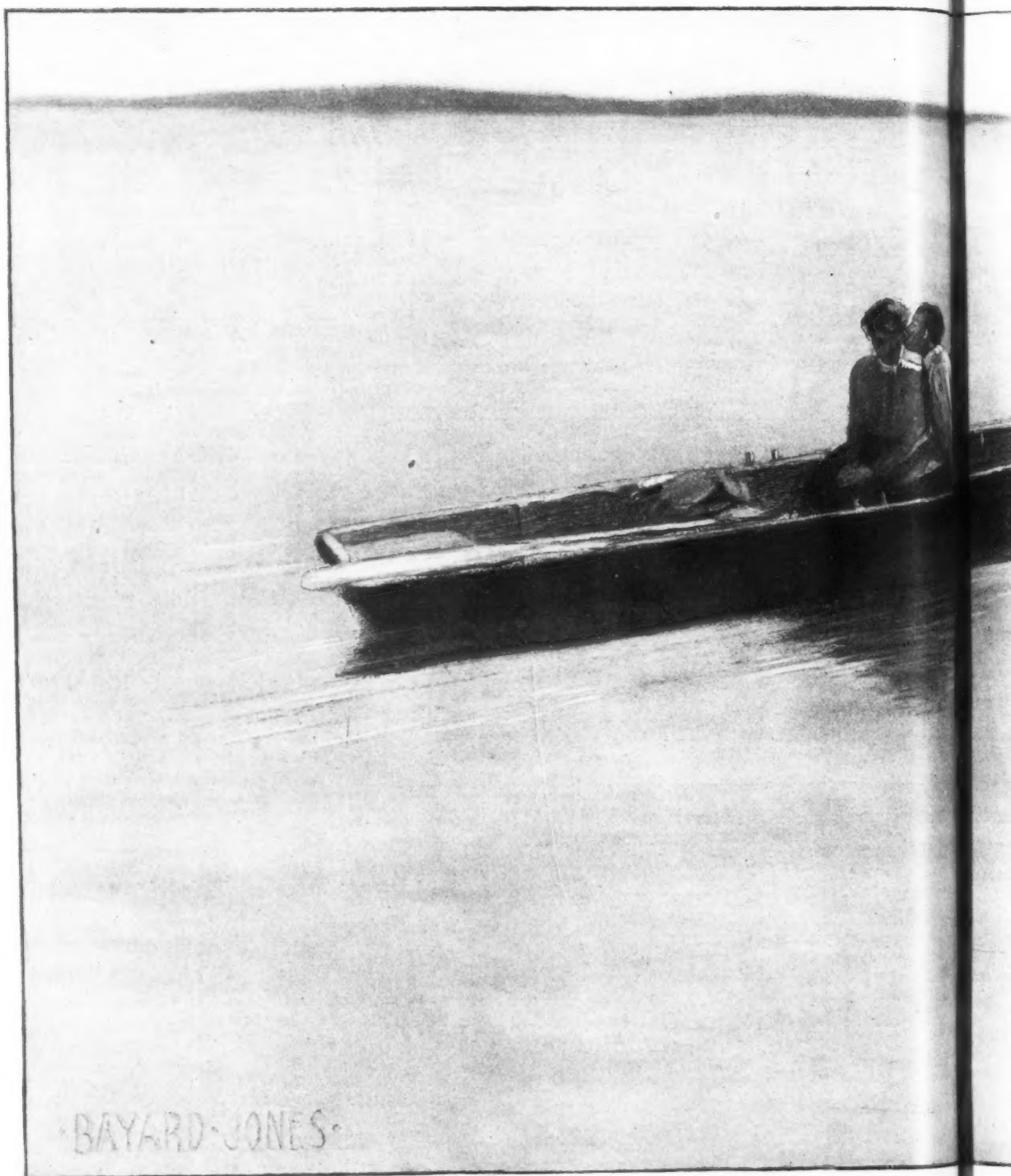
WHEN a brutish, insolent fellow remarked that it cost more to live now than it had cost eight years ago, the Trust President lost his temper.

"Isn't it worth more to live in a time of prosperity than in a time of depression?" he roared.

The boor made no reply, but slunk away like a whipped cur.



E.

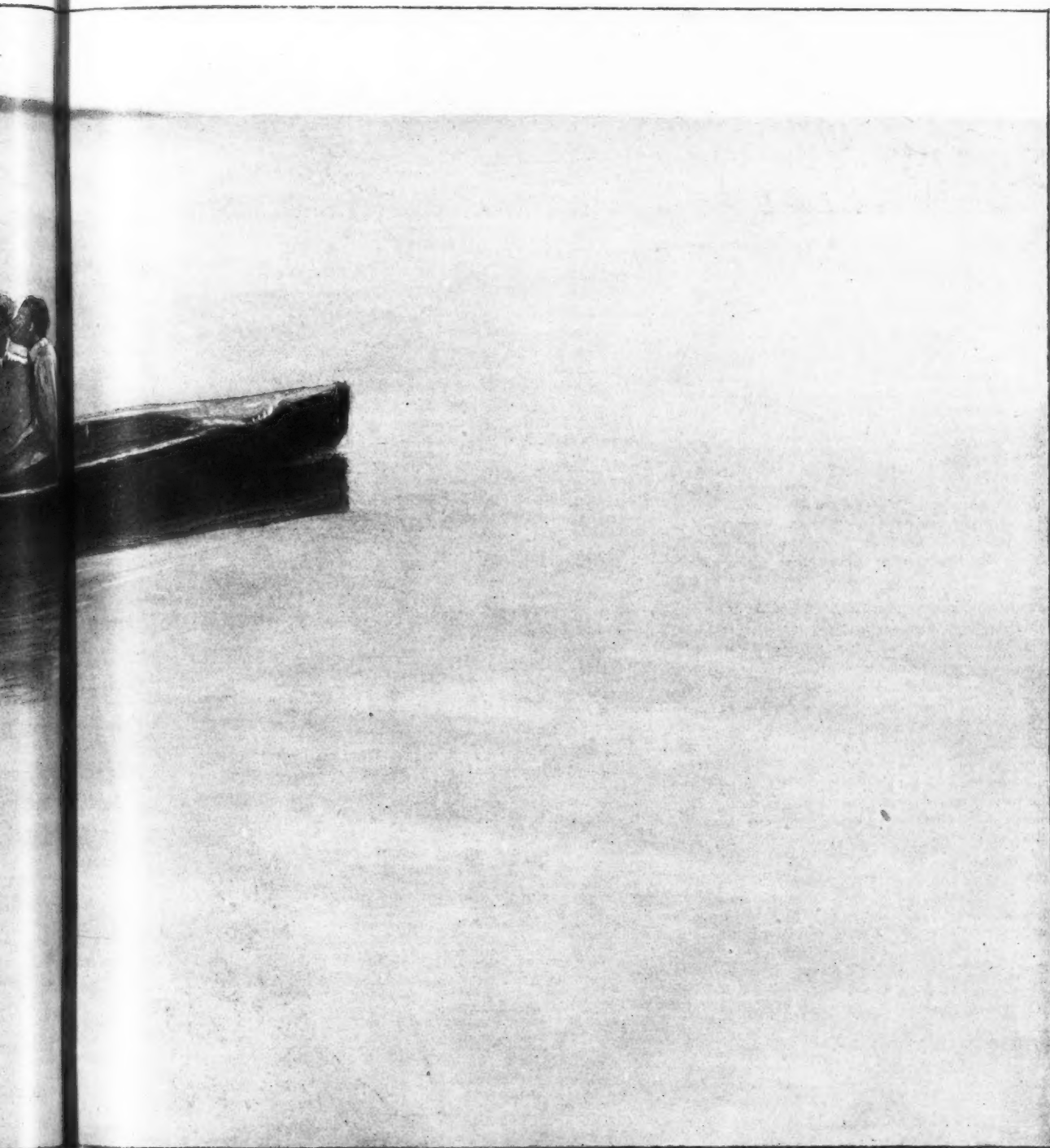


BAYARD JONES

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RET.
EVER HAVE KA

E.



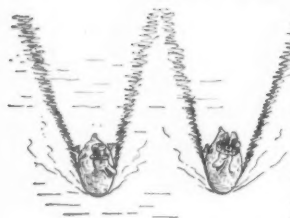
RET.

EVEN HAVE EARNS.



OUR FELLOW-CITIZEN, THE SULTAN OF SULU, AND A FEW OF HIS WIVES.

Only Two More Musical Comedies.



HAT a belligerent lot of folks we are getting to be! Even our comic operas have caught the warlike spirit, and the United States uniform and American flag properly set to music have become sure lures for popular favor. When we had an army of only twenty-five thousand men and were a peaceful, stay-at-home people, content to mind our own business and let other nations mind theirs, the United States soldier was not very good stage material. Now that we have embarked on a career of world-conquest and have an idea that trade follows the flag, our patriotic and commercial instincts make the soldier and sailor mighty inspiring characters.

LA TEST of these appeals to the warlike spirit is "The Sultan of Sulu," of which Mr. George Ade has supplied the book and Mr. Alfred G. Wathall the music. Mr. Ade has seized upon Uncle Sam in his new rôle as a conquering hero, and out of the novelty of our relations with uncivilized races has managed to inject some originality into the hackneyed musical comedy idea. The book is not so funny as one would expect it to be coming from Mr. Ade, but its humor is fresh and clean, and its special value lies in the promise it gives of a librettowriter who may have brains to get away from the set lines of a form of entertainment which has been done almost to death. The musical accompaniment to Mr. Ade's words is not awe-inspiring, but it is fairly good, and some of its numbers have the desirable quality of catchiness.

The title rôle introduces to Broadway a new and very amusing comedian, Mr. Frank Moulan. As *Ki Ram*, the ruler of Sulu, who, among the earliest institutions of American civilization, becomes acquainted with the cocktail, Mr. Moulan not only is amusing, but is also that rarest of birds, a comedian who can sing. It would be well for the piece if the same could be said of the person to whom is wrongfully intrusted the important part of *Col. Budd*, in command of the American troops. Both Maude Lillian Berri and Gertrude Quinlan sing well, the first as the *Colonel's* daughter and the other as one of the wives of our openly polygamous fellow-citizen in the Sulu archipelago. The rest of the cast is competent, the chorus redundant with pretty girls, and the stage settings and costumes sufficiently brilliant.

"The Sultan of Sulu" is considerably better than most of its kind.

FROM "The Country Girl" to "The Billionaire," which has taken the place of the former at Daly's, there is a long drop

from what was fresh and dainty to what is vulgar and commonplace. "The Billionaire" was evidently constructed with the Tenderloin taste well in mind. Messrs. Smith and Kerker have been at this sort of thing so long that they know perfectly how to suit the requirements of the managers who cater to the Tenderloin grade of intellect, and the result is exactly what was to be expected. To Mr. Jerome Sykes, whose broad comedy as *Foxy Quiller* is agreeably remembered, is given the part of the chief vulgarian who gives the piece its title. In make-up he is a reproduction of some well-known caricatures of Senator Hanna. Mr. Sykes's singing voice was in total eclipse during the earlier representations of "The Billionaire," so it is hardly fair to judge his performance in its entirety. The principal fun allotted to May Robson is a display of grotesque hosiery, which seems a waste of a talented comedienne's real ability. The rest of the company is not much, but it is quite equal to the material with which it has to deal.

Such a piece as "The Billionaire" at Daly's will be rather a shock to the persons of refinement who have been accustomed to patronize that theatre.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"The Ninety and Nine." Melodrama with imposing fire scene.

Belasco.—"The Darling of the Gods." Imposing, interesting and well acted.

Broadway.—"The Silver Slipper." Moderately good musical comedy.

Casino.—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical comedy. Diverting.

Daly's.—"The Billionaire." See above.

Empire.—Stock company in "The Unforeseen." Notice later.

Garden.—Sothern in "Hamlet." Well produced and well acted.

Herald Square.—Mr. Mansfield's production of "Julius Caesar." Satisfactorily done.

Knickerbocker.—"The Altar of Friendship." with Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott as co-stars. Not great, but amusing.

Madison Square.—Elizabeth Tyree in "Gretna Green." Notice later.

Manhattan.—"Mary of Magdala." Interesting version of the New Testament story.

New York.—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Fun and music of Rebellion days.

Princess.—"Heidelberg." Romantic sketch of German student life. Weepy, but amusing.

Savoy.—"The Girl with the Green Eyes." Mrs. Bloodgood in not the greatest of Clyde Fitch's society sketches.

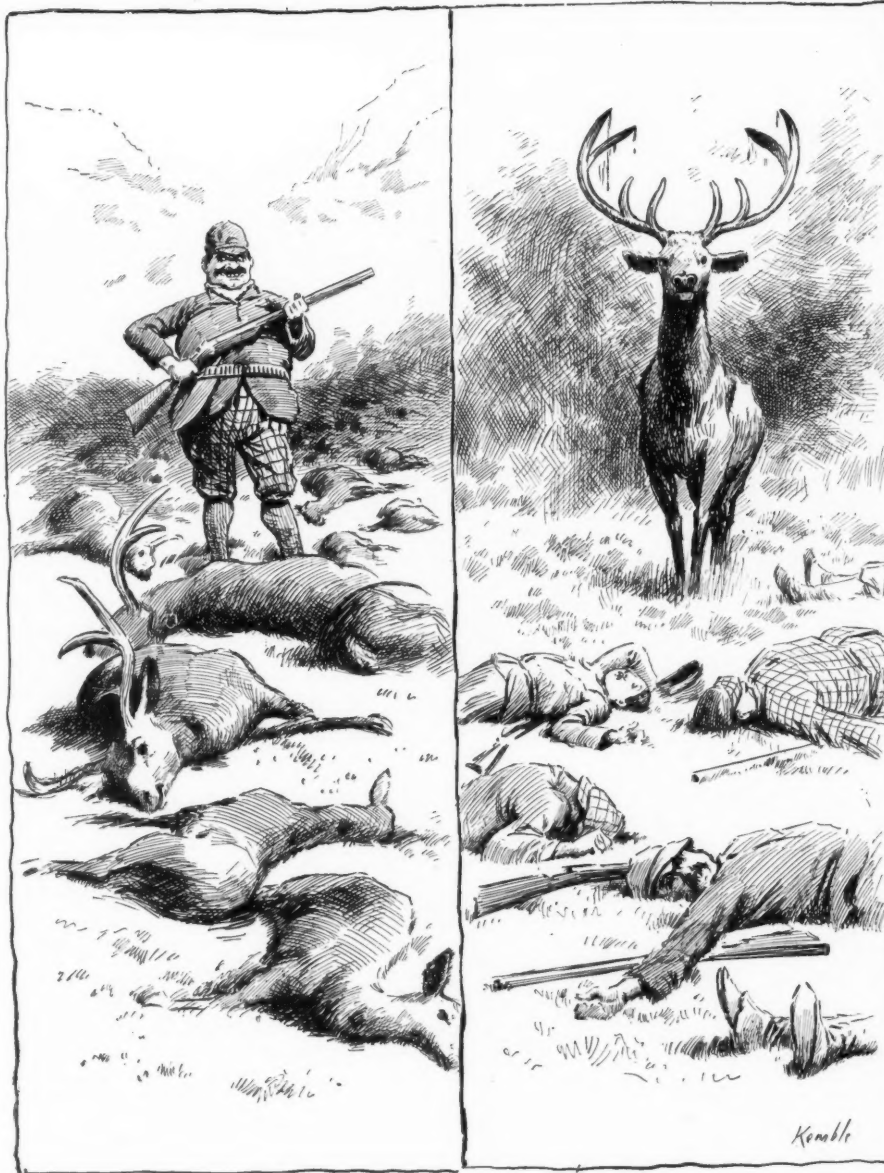
Victoria.—Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" in stage form. Fairly interesting.

Wallack's.—"The Sultan of Sulu." See above.

Weber and Fields's.—Burlesque and vaudeville. The theatre is small and a few good seats are to be had from speculators at advanced prices.



THE SULTAN AND THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

Life's Dictionary of International Biography. Unalphabetically Arranged.

ALBERT EDWARD.

IN these plutocratic days we must not deprecate too much the influence of kings. Kings have their uses as well as financiers and politicians and brigadier-generals. The influence of King Edward over Newport and upper Fifth Avenue can hardly be overestimated.

This monarch was born during the last cen-

tury and attained the age of manhood without wearing a coat that didn't fit him or using his knife at the table wrongfully. At an early age he began to attract the attention of prominent actresses and rich Americans, and his social career was thereafter assured. He became the fashion, so to speak, and while his nephew Willie was going to church and Sunday-school and learning how to be an understudy to the Divinity, Edward was bunching his horses and opening up jack-pots with the proceeds of the India famine fund.

Every great man owes much of his success to

the women he has met. They have awakened his ambitions, given him confidence and spurred on his imagination. Lily Langtry did everything for Edward. Probably to-day he wouldn't be the king he is if it hadn't been for her. She patted him on the back at the right time and said: "Never mind, Eddie, if the Boer war is coming on. Chirk up and be a man. I'll stand by you while there's a cent left." And she was true to her word, for there wasn't a social centre in America that didn't feel the effects of her recitation of the "Absent-Minded Beggar."

As soon as Edward became King he determined upon a radical change in the administration of affairs. Cablegrams were sent to all parts of the world, and now, what is the result? Almost everywhere the cutaway coat is taking the place of the frock.

To trace the exciting adventures, hairbreadth escapes and momentous events that have crowded King Edward's life would be too much. Once he was within several miles of a naval battle, but seemed to bear a charmed life. Again at a cotillion he came near being suffocated, and during a yacht race was dreadfully near being blown overboard. But through all his calamities he has preserved a calm and cheerful exterior; no doubt, because he is a regular reader of LIFE.

King Edward, who was recently crowned by J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles Schwab, has commented upon the agreeable sensations that were incident upon that occasion.

"It is pleasant," he said, "that though some of my handsomest officers are in South Africa, society is still able to hold its head up and support me in my pressing duties."

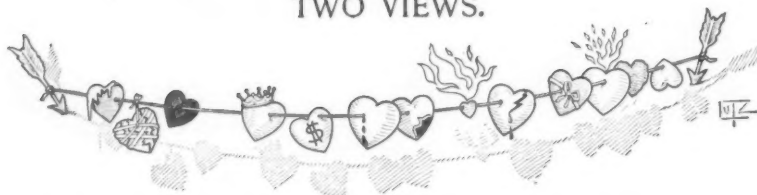
His favorite occupations are: Cultivating American beauties, wearing bath robes, not talking to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and regretting that Alfred Austin is poet laureate.

Principal Works: A new shirt front, patent studs (racing and bosom), device for keeping down trousers, etc., etc.



A GOOD SIGN.

TWO VIEWS.



AN Optimist and a Pessimist met at a crossroads.

The Optimist was dressed in dark, sombre clothes. No one would have known by his appearance who he was. "For," said he, "I don't need to advertise myself. I am the real thing."

The Pessimist, on the other hand, was giddy in the extreme, and flashed afar with brilliancy. "For," sighed he, "my appearance only serves to make me more melancholy. It is a constant reminder that all is vanity."

Said the Optimist to the Pessimist: "My friend, I have never been able to understand your peculiar point of view, and I am intensely curious to know why we differ so radically on all subjects."

"The only way we can determine that," said the Pessimist, "is to go along together, and I think I can easily convince you that I am right."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Optimist. "On the contrary, I shall be only too glad of the opportunity to bring you around to my side. In a beautiful world like this, I hate to think that any one can be so unhappy as you are."

And so they journeyed along together. * * *

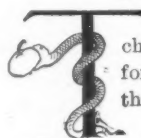


It was not long before they came to a house where two lovers were spooning.

"Now, here," said the Pessimist, "is an excellent example of what I mean. Just gaze upon this sickening sight. This fellow is kissing this girl, and promising her all sorts of things that he cannot fulfill. She is drinking in every word and believing him. By and by they will get married, and wake up out of their dream. Ignorant of their ultimate fate, of the trouble and trial and agony that await them, they moon away their time in hopeless disregard of the consequences. Did you ever see two such fools?"

The Optimist laughed a cheery laugh.

"My boy," he replied, "you don't know what you are talking about. Those two people are not only supremely happy at present, but I see absolutely no reason why they shouldn't keep it up. They are fitted for each other, and you know the real love, which undoubtedly possesses them both, never dies. Instead of waking up out of a dream, as you insinuate, they will develop greater possibilities for happiness all the time. I know it! I am sure of it!"



THEY passed on to a church, where in silence for a while they observed the people going in to worship.

"Doubtless," sneered the Pessimist, "you will be prepared to uphold this sort of thing, when you must know these poor fools are worrying themselves to death over something that they don't know anything about. If there is anything at all hereafter, I am convinced that it must be a Hell, for I have never yet seen anyone who, judged consistently by the dogma of religion, didn't deserve to go there. They are right in calling themselves miserable sinners."

"Your peculiar notions," said the Optimist, "should not go unchallenged. Why, I cannot imagine a happier condition than that of these people. So sure are they of a joyous immortality, that the things of this world, even if they are termed trials by some, sit so lightly on them as to have no effect. So far from believing what you say about a Hell, I am thoroughly convinced that if there is anything needed in this beautiful world to make it any more beautiful, it lies in the blessed assurance that a Heaven awaits us all in the next one."

They came soon to the house of a magnate.

"I have purposely," remarked the Pessimist, "brought you around this way, because I want to show you, if it is possible to get a grain of reason into your head, the most striking example of your so-called happiness. Now, here is a man, who, from the standpoint of this world, is enjoying himself. And yet, see how truly miserable he is. He is so restless that he cannot stop a moment. He is bothered continually by cranks who want his money, and he works like a slave all the time trying to take care of and increase it. He is not only unhappy now, but he has absolutely nothing to look forward to, because there is nothing left to enjoy."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Optimist. "You amuse me greatly. I see you belong to that misguided crew who think just because he has money he cannot enjoy himself. In the first place, this man has achieved what the majority of men would sell their souls for. This in itself is a source of lasting pleasure and satisfaction to him. Then his money doesn't bother him nearly so much as you imagine. He has power, which is a supreme joy, and he is envied by every one, secretly or otherwise, which is no small thing. Not only this, but he really does a lot of good, which makes him all the happier when he reflects that he is enabled to do so by his own ability. No, sir! You are mistaken!"

"Well," said the Pessimist, "if it is impossible to convince you in this case, at least come with me to the slums, and I'll show you misery enough." * * *



WHEN they had arrived there, the Pessimist said:

"Now, what do you think? Did you ever see a sight like this before? Isn't it terrible? What hope is there for these poor wretches? There is no reason for me to dilate upon their despair. Just look at them yourself. It ought to be enough."

"You poor old wet blanket," cheerily replied the Optimist. "Don't you know, in the first place, that things are never so bad as they look? These people are not miserable. Clothes don't make the man. It is true that



"HOW MANY CAN I HAVE?"
 "WELL, HOW MANY CAN YOU CARRY AWAY WITH YOU?"

they don't bathe every day, but what of that? The real, true, genuine sources of happiness they possess much more than even if they were outwardly luxurious. In the first place, they are all unselfish, which is the supremest joy of life. Look at that mother, bending over what *you* would term a squalid, ragged child. Look at the light in her eyes. Look at the bare breast of that workman, how he bends to his task. He is creating something with his own hands. My friend, there is hardly any happiness compared with that."

"I see," said the Pessimist, as he glowered upon his companion, "that it's no use. We can do each other no good. Let us part."

"Willingly," said the Optimist. "If any one could ruffle me, I am sure you would."

And Father Time, as he watched them going off in opposite directions, whistled softly to himself and said:

"What a pity those fellows cannot get on together. For they are both right." *Tom Masson.*

"MALPRACTICE? No! The dose caused heart failure, of course, but the symptoms warranted it."

"I dare say. After all, the thing that saves us sinners is that there are so many ways of doing a thing wrong."



Miss Ladybug: GO AWAY, MR. BUMBLEBEE. YOU CAN'T FLIRT WITH ME. YOU ARE A REGULAR OLD HUMBUG.

· LIFE ·



THAT Thomas A. Edison is deaf is a fact well known to the public. Only his intimate friends, however, are aware that in his case deafness is more a psychological phenomenon than a physical condition. That which interests him he can usually hear very well, but to that which does not interest him he can be as deaf as the proverbial adder.

Not long ago a specialist in diseases of the ear called upon Mr. Edison, and unfolded a plan of treatment which he was sure would restore his hearing. The inventor listened to his story with patience, as it was informative on several points. To the proposition that he submit to treatment, however, Mr. Edison opposed an emphatic negative.

"What I'm afraid of," said he, "is that you would be successful. Just think what a lot of stuff I'd have to listen to that I don't want to hear! To be a little deaf and be the only one who knows just how deaf you are has its advantages, and, on the whole, I think I prefer to let well enough alone."—*New York Times*.

A MISSOURI farmer, whose hog had been killed by a train, and who imagined himself to be something of a poet, wrote these lines to the company's claim agent for settlement:

My razorback strolled down your track
A week ago to-day;
Your 29 came down the line
And snuffed his light away.

You can't blame me—the hog, you see,
Slipped through a cattle gate;
So kindly pen a check for ten,
The debt to liquidate.

He was rather surprised a few days later to receive the following:

Old 29 came down the line
And killed your hog, we know;
But razorbacks on railroad tracks
Quite often meet with woe.

Therefore, my friend, we cannot send
The check for which you pine.
Just plant the dead; place o'er his head
"Here lies a foolish swine."

—*Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*.

A BLAIRGOWRIE man had married a native of Kirkcaldy. Some years later, when the woman was dying, she said to her husband, "John, I've been a good wife to you, and I want you to do me a favor."

"Weel, 'oman, what is it?"

"Weel, John, it's jist this, that ye'll bury me among my ain folk at Kirkcaldy."

"Hoots, 'oman, it canna be; I tell you it canna be."

"Weel, John, if ye dinna tak' me to Kirkcaldy I'll haunt ye; my speerit will haunt ye."

"Aweel, if it comes to that, 'oman, I'll hae to do it; but I'll try ye in Blairgowrie first."—*Exchange*.

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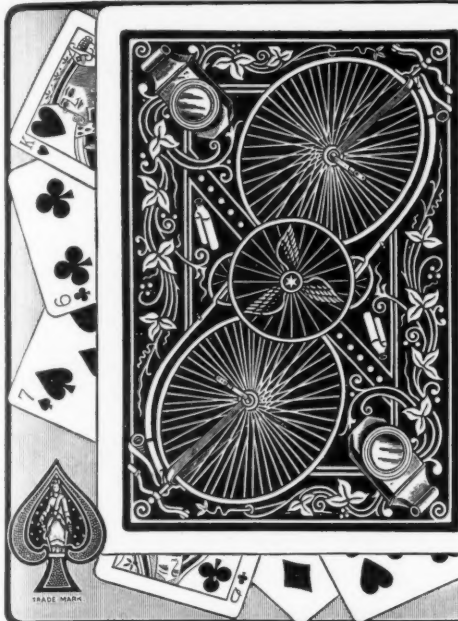
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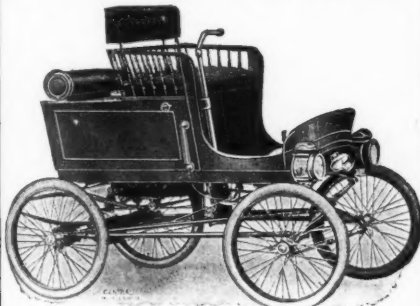
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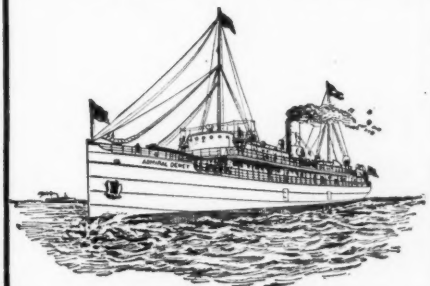
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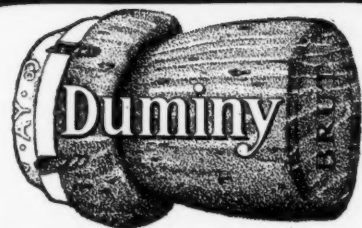
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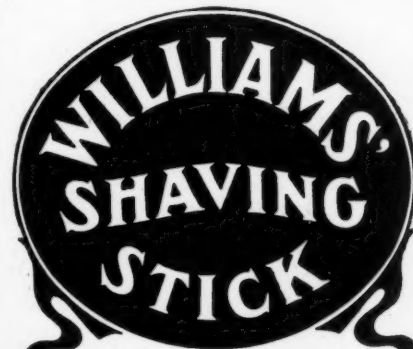
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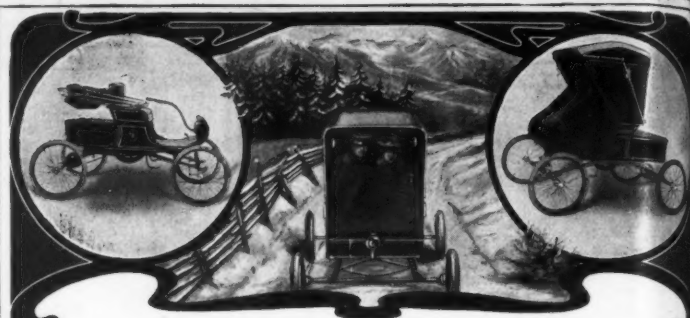
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